Always an Empath

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Always an Empath

by anabridge

Summary

Will's empathy helps him connect so deeply with Hannibal that their emotions become one and the same.

Notes

The boys are soft for one another. More Hannigram on my Twitter @hannabitchwill

After leaving Molly and Walter behind, Will knew they were always destined to end up tangled in one another's arms. What he didn't anticipate, however, was how deeply attuned he would become to each and every one of Hannibal's emotions.

It started during their first kiss. Will could feel the pure joy radiate from the man who spared so few smiles. It wasn't just Will mirroring the emotions that Hannibal felt. No, Will's empathy anchored him. Helped him see that Hannibal wanted this, wanted him, just as badly.

And from the way he responded to the soft glide of Hannibal's lips against his own, Will knew the cannibal delighted in the fact that Will finally shared his appetite. From the moment they first met in Jack Crawford's office, Hannibal had always been honest in how he viewed Will.

Now, adding the element of touch to their relationship meant that Hannibal would always be honest in how he felt about Will as well. So it was no surprise to Will when Hannibal pulled back and whispered, "I love you, Will" the moment after their lips first touched.

Later on, Will would find that any separation between his emotions and Hannibal's disappeared during sex. Will had once told Hannibal, "You and I have begun to blur" in the Uffizi Gallery.

But when he nestled between Hannibal's legs and flicked his tongue over his lover's quivering hole, there remained not one ounce of separation between the two of them. Hannibal's body, his emotions, his needs, simply became an extension of Will's. They didn't need to speak.

One glance into Hannibal's eyes as he pointed his tongue and thrust deeply into the pretty pink center of him told Will everything he needed to know. Hannibal was ready for him. He always had been.

Will's hole clenches as he thrusts two fingers into Hannibal. In the same moment he angles his fingers to tap sharply against Hannibal's prostate, it feels as though Will's own fingers are reaching for that sensitive bundle of nerves within his body.

Hannibal is enamored with the way that Will leaks profusely against his belly. He delights in the way that his beautiful, unpredictable Will becomes enslaved to his every need.

As he prepares Hannibal for his hard length, Will's cheek's flush and his breathing speeds up to match Hannibal's panting.

When Will places his palms on either one of Hannibal's cheeks and thrusts deep inside, he doesn't need to look at his lover to know that the tears streaming down his face mirror Hannibal's.

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